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## THREE KINDS OF GARLANDS.

Garland as his friends see him.

THE REAL GARLAND.  
"They all do it!"Garland as the Republicans  
paint him.



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNERIMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.  
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KEPPLER &amp; SCHWARZMANN.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOMEBODY once said of the Beecher scandal that the worst part of it was the talk it caused. We may say nearly the same thing of the Garland scandal, so-called. The disgrace of the business is that it should cause any discussion whatever. There ought to be no two opinions about the whole affair. Mr. Garland's position is simply improper. That ought to be enough to make it clear to him and to everybody else that his first duty is to relieve himself of the stigma of impropriety. He ought not to demand that he be proved dishonest before he admits that he has been indelicate.

\* \* \*

But Mr. Garland, like a great many other men, can not see this. His argument—if he makes any—is that he is not dishonest—which nobody alleges—and that it doesn't much matter if he is indelicate. The fact that his indelicacy is injuring his party and undermining the public confidence in the administration of which he is a part—all this is nothing to him. This is high-flown sentimentalism. Any finer standard of right and wrong he simply despises. Of course, if a man steals a coat or a cow or a quart of beans, he is a thief, and ought to be sent to prison. Everybody knows that. But if you undertake to draw closer distinctions in matters of morality—why, where will it end? A man can't make his pile and bother with such matters. It is only Mugwumps and cranks who are so hypercritical. That is n't business.

\* \* \*

And what could you expect better of Mr. Garland? Mr. Garland is naturally a very small man in the political field. He takes his color; he gets his education, from greater men than he, and from the vast majority of the men who are influenced by those few great ones. How can you reasonably expect that Mr. Garland will see any impropriety in

doing, as a Cabinet officer, what Mr. Evarts and Mr. Edmunds are doing, and have been doing for years, as United States Senators? He takes a brief, so to speak, from the Pan-Electric Company, and keeps his position at the head of the Government department with which that company has to deal, in a business way—serving thus two masters. Messrs. Evarts and Edmunds are willing to take briefs—literally—from corporations that are likely at any time to be in litigation with the National Government; that are likely at any time to demand privileges and concessions from Congress—and Messrs. Evarts and Edmunds still keep their places in the Senate of the United States. We do not wish to defend Mr. Garland; but then—we do not wish to defend Messrs. Evarts and Edmunds.

We shall rejoice with all our hearts when we see signs that the conflict, as people will call it, between Labor and Capital, has narrowed itself down to the true and only issue. There is no real conflict—there can be none—between Labor and Capital. So long as one man has money, and another man wants to get money, so long will the man with money buy the labor of the man without money. No system of communism can be devised that will alter this everlasting fact. But there is a fight, and there must be a fight, until the matter is settled, between overgrown capital and that sort of labor that accepts under-payment, and tries to get even with its oppressor by means of unlawful violence. Here are two thoroughly bad elements in our society. There is little choice between them as to badness. The only hope of the country is that they will some day confront each other and fight it out to the one possible end—the utter and permanent extinction of both. And honest Business and honest Labor should keep it in mind that they have nothing to do with the combat.

No amount of piled-up age can make a good thing bad, or a useless thing useful. This Nineteenth Century is noisy enough without having to bear the infliction of mediæval noises that lost all significance and sense a century ago. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was well enough to ring the church-bells to tell the time, to summon church-goers to their devotions, to sound the curfew and to give the alarm when fire or violence threatened the townsfolk.

## TWO OF A KIND.

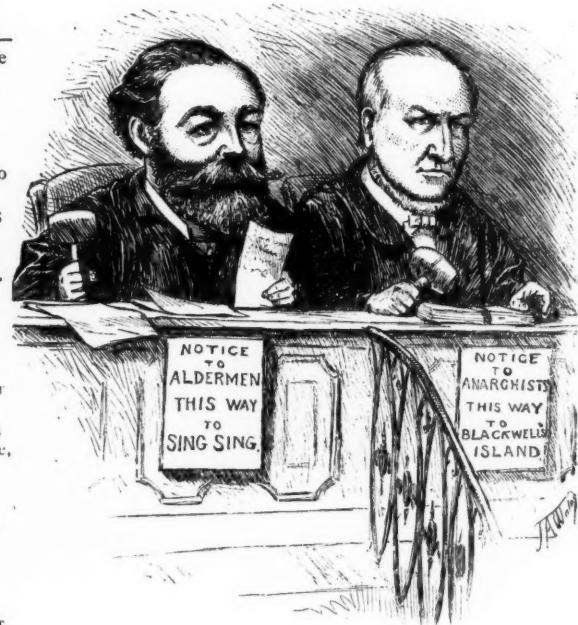
For Barrett and Smyth we the muses exhort—  
Oh, long may their gavels be heard in the court,  
Oh, long may they wave on the bench in full swing,  
And rail-road the miscreant up to Sing Sing.  
  
Twas a short time ago, when from strand unto strand,  
The song of the boodle was heard in the land;  
But Barrett soon stopped it, and now, to the stars,  
H. Jaehne looks up through a cobweb of bars.  
And Smyth spoiled the Anarchist's tenderest hope,  
When he sent him to where he'll have to use soap;  
Where for years with big sledges he'll hammer the rock,  
And never have strawberries, melons or bock;  
Where never his "mug" will be lit by a smile,  
And where he'll wear stripes, e'en though checks are the style.  
  
Oh, Barrett and Smyth, may you never depart  
From the bench, you're so dear to the law-lover's heart;  
But may you remain where you are, to make shiver,  
The people you send for their crimes up the river.

But what earthly reason is there to-day, when every man can have a clock at home, and when almost every man has a watch in his pocket, for the maddening clangor of the church-bells, rending the air day and night, hammering Sunday from a day of rest into a day of nerve-racking uneasiness? There is no end of poetry about the church-bells. Poets beyond count have taken each his turn at entreating us to listen to their music or their melody or their tender tones. But the poetry has pretty thoroughly gone out of the church-bells. To-day they are—at least in all cities and large towns—simply an unmitigated nuisance.

\* \* \* \* \*  
They serve no end whatever. Any man who has a dollar of his own can buy a clock. A house without a clock is about as rare as a house without a roof. People know when it is ten, or half-past-ten, or eleven, on Sunday morning, as well as they know when the hours come on the other days of the week. Church-going people do not, the most of them, live within call of the bells of their own particular churches. And they are on their way to their Sunday services long before the bells begin to ring.

\* \* \* \* \*  
We can never get statistics of the absolute misery and suffering caused by the discordant clamor of a great city's hundreds of discordant bells. But we know that the untimely ringing breaks the scant sleep of the weary; tortures the sensitive nerves of the sick, and annoys the entire populace, without serving any purpose whatever, beyond pleasing those agreeable people who want to have everything done in this century as it was done in other centuries; and who ought to be relegated to some limbo where they may practice upon each other the barbarism they pretend to admire.

\* \* \* \* \*  
THE PEOPLE who left New York last February, did so because it was too cold for them here. They went to Florida, where it was just as warm as it is here now, and were happy. Therefore, we should think it would suit them first-rate in New York at present. But it does not. They leave New York now because it is as hot here as Florida was last March. Although Florida was satisfactory then, New York is not now. They now go off for a temperature like that of last spring, which was not satisfactory then, but would be just the thing now. When they get back from the coolness of the mountains, and the same kind of coolness prevails here, then they flee for the South for the kind of weather that they can not stand now. Therefore, we take pleasure in stating, that if you would be contented anywhere, in any kind of weather, you must read PUCK ON WHEELS. Price, twenty-five cents, of all newsdealers.



## ALL YOUNG, ONCE UPON A TIME.



SMITH (at the circus).—Never too old for the circus, eh, Brown?

BROWN.—I don't care anything about it myself; but somebody had to come with the boy.

SMITH.—Is that your boy?

BROWN.—Well—er—no; my boy was taken sick at the last moment, poor little chap, and so I brought a neighbor's. Ah, me! we were all young once, Smith.

## PUCK'S PATENT SUNBEAMS.

WITH APOLOGIES TO OUR E. C., THE *Sun*.

A MAN out in Deckertown, N. J., was recently batting a tennis-ball against the wall of his bed-room, to improve his eye, when the ball suddenly struck the edge of the door, flew down stairs and out in the yard. It ceased rolling under a cedar, and when the player stooped to pick it up, he was delighted to see that it had stopped right beside his pen-knife, which had been lost a year before, and for which he had hunted high and low in vain. In his delight, he struck the ball to see how high he could send it. In its descent it landed on the slanting roof, bounced off and rolled under a rose-bush. When the player picked it up, he was more astonished than ever to find just beneath it an onyx sleeve-button that had been missing for years.

A young lady was out in the woods near Astoria, not long ago, plucking wild-flowers, when she was suddenly alarmed by the report of a gun. When she reached home, she was told that her ears were bleeding. She at first thought it was a joke, but, on looking in the glass, was greatly frightened to learn that it was true. It was afterwards ascertained that a grain of shot had passed through the lobe of each ear, piercing the pair as nicely as a needle could have done.

An enterprising Staten Islander has discovered that mosquitos are possessed of rare intelligence, and susceptible of mental training. He has trained a number to punch the holes in the porous-plasters he manufactures, and hopes, before long, to make them take the place of men for this purpose.

A terrible collision recently occurred in a Dakota tunnel, and one of the wreckers, passing among the victims with a candle, saw a man, whose legs were cut off close to his body, walking around on his hands. On being asked what he was doing, he replied that he was looking for his legs, because his rail-road-ticket for New York was in one of his trousers'-pockets. His ability to walk on his hands was explained by his statement that he was a circus-acrobat. In a short time he was out

of the hospital. His ticket never having been recovered, he was obliged to return to New York on his hands.

A farmer up in Orange County recently sent several crates of chickens to market plucked. When they arrived there, each chicken had a new crop of feathers. Although it is well-known that hair grows after death, this is the first instance of record of new feathers coming out on chickens after plucking.

A mendicant near Covington, Kentucky, has an ingenious method, known only to himself, of simulating the convulsions consequent upon snake-bites. It is his custom to enter a bar-room, foam and writhe fearfully, and twist about in a serpentine manner. Every one present thinks he has been bitten by a snake, and half a bottle of whiskey, the usual quantity in such cases, is forced down his throat, shortly after which, he proves by his manner that he is out of danger. He has played this trick many times. Recently, he was crossing a field, when he actually met a snake. Thinking that perhaps it was his fate to die of a snake-bite, he became greatly frightened. But his presence of mind did not forsake him. He concluded that if whiskey has the power to destroy effects of a snake-bite, when swallowed by the victim, that it might also have the power of rendering the snake incapable of communicating the virus of its fangs if drunk by the latter. So he drew the cork from a bottle he had in his pocket, and offered the neck of it to the snake, who swallowed the entire contents. And only when the snake had turned to crawl off under some bushes, did the man sufficiently recover himself to be able to see that it belonged to a perfectly harmless species.

The northern part of Vermont boasts a most miraculous escape. An old man up there recently took an old musket from the garret, and commenced toying with it under the impression that it was not loaded. To make sure, he bored down the barrel with the ram-rod, and succeeded in drawing therefrom a huge bullet and half a handful of powder. He then playfully asked a visitor to see if he could hit him, and the visitor as playfully walked across the room, pointed the musket at his host and pulled the trigger. A loud report followed, and a bullet pierced the heart of the host, who, totally uninjured, walked in to dinner, while the man who pulled the trigger was so wrought over the accident, that he dropped dead of heart-disease.

There used to be a firm believer in dreams in the northern part of this State. Two weeks ago, he dreamt that he could stop a buzz-saw with his right hand and not be injured. The next day he went to a mill to see if it could be done. Having tried, the result is perhaps best described by the remark of a heartless witness, that hereafter that man will measure his whiskey with the fingers of his left hand.

A deaf-mute, who recently had the misfortune to lose both hands in a steamboat explosion, is now busy learning to talk with his feet.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE PENNSYLVANIA Republicans have nominated Beaver. We suppose it is now in order to say that many a bea—that is, many a hat will be bet on the result.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THE BOYCOTT and Socialism are deplorable institutions, to be sure; but there is one thing about them that is gratifying. They have given college-commencement orators a chance to swing themselves all over the rostrum without being obliged to harp on the thread-bare subjects of Roman oratory and Grecian architecture.

AN ACCOUNT of the Field-Labouchere libel suit was published at such great length last week in the *Field, Mail and Express*, that no one can look upon it as anything but a matter of vast importance. While on this subject, it just occurs to us that this would be a good time for Mr. Field to erect a Jeff. Davis monument.

THE DIAMOND FIELDS are in South Africa, are they, Trevalyan Q. Smith? All we have to say to you, Mr. Smith, is that you had better get you to a University, and take a short course in Base-ballology, and then you will know more about the diamond-fields than you do now.

A CORRESPONDENT WOULD like to know why the United States Navy names its ships after fish, such as the *Dolphin*. We suppose it is because they go to the bottom so easily.

WE HAVE heard of people "looking daggers" when properly warmed up. But they could not have been negroes, because Africans, in an ecstasy of rage, usually "look razors."

MESSRS. SCHLICHT & FIELD, of Rochester, deal in what they call "labor-saving contrivances." We should think they could sell one to every Socialist in the country.

WHEN AN Irishman is created a Cardinal, he reminds us very much of a lobster before and after boiling.

A TYPE-SETTER recently committed suicide by taking Rough on Rats.

## TAKING LIFE EASY.



PAT.—Be jabbers, what harrud toimes! If I had me loife insured, I'd take it.



## HINTS TO SUMMER BOARDERS.

ITY FOLKS who go into the country to board on a farm during a part of the heated term, will save themselves considerable trouble and some remorse by taking these brief and hastily evolved hints at their face value:

Don't expect the earth; you can have only a very small part of it for six dollars per week.

Don't expect a view from your window that takes in a green hillside with browsing lambs, a lake with water-fowl, groves and flowers, and a clear sunset every day during your stay. These things come high, save in advertisements for summer boarders. Look out upon the patient farm-boy bugging the potato-vines and be content.

Don't ask the farmer why he puts his little peaches near the bottom of the basket and the big ones on top, and similar foolish questions, and thus display your total ignorance of agricultural and horticultural pursuits, and win the farmer's honest and hearty contempt.

Don't go near the mowing-machine when it is in motion. You may safely sit on the fence surrounding the field in which it is singing its merry song, but that will be near enough. You might go behind a mowing-machine when it is in complete repose, but if it should start, you should start also, and you should not stop until you reach the fence.

Don't monkey with the straw-cutter, or try to climb over the barbed-wire fence, just to show the congregation how smart you are. It requires long practice to climb a barbed-wire fence and not be sorry for it afterwards.

In busy times you may take off your coat and go out with the hands for half-a-day, just to give yourself an appetite. That will please the farmer, notwithstanding your increased appetite; but don't get into the habit of that sort of thing.

Evince an interest in live stock, but don't say you would like to learn to milk a cow. You might, in this way, greatly please the farmer and his wife; but the cow would probably kick you in the stomach, or the fence-corner, at the first motion, and you would have to buy a new milk-pail.

Praise the apple-dumplings; say the farm is the best kept you ever saw; kiss the baby and pet the dog; and thus make yourself solid with the whole family at the very outset.

If you go walking in the woods and see a large hornets' nest hanging from a low limb, don't become infatuated with it. If a desire to pull it and take it home to show it to the other boarders springs up in your bosom, try to repress it. Hornets are a little particular, and do not like to have their nest shown around among curious city people while they are using it, and if you pull their nest while they are at home they will show their disapprobation of your course.

SCOTT WAY.

ALL SIGNS fail in dry weather, except lager-beer signs. The drier the weather, the greater their success.

## PUCKULARITIES.

LET IT be remembered that we have no rulers in this country," says an exchange. We haven't, eh? Well, you just circulate among your friends who are keeping house, and you will be convinced that there is a ruler, and she gets so much a month for ordering the family out of the kitchen, and telling them when she wants more coal and wood brought up from the cellar.



SOME OF THE base-ball players, when fined for a breach of the rules, say the custom always reminds them of the days when they were cash-boys in retail dry-goods stores at two dollars per week, and went home at the end of each week in debt to their employers.

A MAN WHO thinks he knows says that an umbrella will last far longer if, when wet, it is placed handle downward. That may be a good way to make them last, but the old time-tried scheme of keeping your eye on them, even in church, is very effectual, too.

THE LATEST thing in angling is the artificial rat instead of ordinary bait. An artificial rat fixed on a good big hook ought to be a fine thing for a man to use at midnight for the purpose of landing his neighbors' noisy cats.

IT MAKES a jailed Alderman tired to his very heels to read in a city paper that certain wealthy and influential citizens actually seek Sing Sing before all others, as a summer resort and place of jollification.

IT IS very wrong to keep a murderer crammed up in a small cell. He should be given full swing.

WITH RESTAURANTS on Chatham Street, where a good square meal can be had for nine cents, there is no reason why more of the literary lights of Boston shouldn't flock to this city.

IT IS bad enough when a young man's sister takes his high hat when going for a horse-back ride; but when she calmly appropriates his base-ball mask for a bustle, she trifles with a brother's love.

WHAT IS the meaning of "rococo," Adelbert? Why, rococo is a beverage used extensively in Siam, made from the fruit of the rococoanut-tree.

A MAN IN Atlanta is dying from the bite of a mule, while another is just dead from the kick of a mule. The only way to escape certain destruction is either to approach him sideways or not approach him at all.

WHEN A CAT is sewed up in a bag, she is practically hemmed in on all sides.

SIMPLY STUNNING—  
A Slungshot.



## HARD THINGS TO FIND.

A WAITER who will serve you and help you on with your coat, and look perfectly pleased when you don't give him anything.

—A car going your way when you are in a hurry.

—A ton of coal weighing two thousand pounds without the driver.

—A clean towel in a printing-office.

—A servant-girl who won't tell you she "wasn't hired for that," when you ask her to sweep off the stoop.

—A pair of trousers to match your last year's coat and vest, which are as good as new.

—A pair of shoes that will be completely worn out at the same time instead of one being as good as new.

—A party to lend you five hundred dollars at six per cent. without collateral.

—The small boy after school.

—A seat in a Broadway car.

—A married man who has not been told by his wife, that if he had taken her advice he wouldn't be as poor as he is to-day.

—The employees of a powder-mill after an explosion.

—Words to express your feelings when you hit your thumb with a hammer while putting down carpets.

—Anything you want after the girl has cleaned your room.

—A car-conductor who will change a two-dollar bill and not look daggers at you all the rest of the trip.

—A boarding-house in which all the rooms have southern exposure, and none higher than second floor.

—The United States Navy.

—The keyhole about 2 A. M.

—A copy of PUCK on the news-stands after Wednesday.

—One person in a hundred who knows how to talk through a telephone so as to be understood.

—A beggar who isn't trying to get just enough for a night's lodging.

—A language that sounds anything like that used by the men who sell "extras" on the street.

—The North Pole. W. C. GIBSON.

IT IS only the singer whom it is a pleasure and a large outlay to listen to, that is ever incapacitated from performing by a sore-throat. It is a great pity that the amateur, who is always waiting to be asked for a song, hasn't an incurable sore-throat.

## THE CITY BOARDER THINKS HE WOULD LIKE TO CHURN.



"Looks easy; guess I'll try it!"



"Talk about gentle exercise—I'll do this every day!"



"Seems to go a little hard—wants oiling, I guess!"



"Don't see any butter there yet!"



"No confounded churn can get the best of me!"



"I'll bring that butter or die!"

## TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

THE Sun prints an article headed: "Repenting a Runaway Marriage." If the ill-treated woman figuring in it had been married in a Fifth Avenue church by two or three clergymen, the article would have been headed, if it got into the papers at all: "Domestic Infidelity at Englewood," or something of that kind. It would never have been headed: "Repenting An Aristocratic Swell Wedding."

SOAPSTONE WOULD not make a suitable monument for a Socialist, because the only suds he can stand (if some one else stands it) are those which deck the surface of a beer. But soapstone hurled by the police into a body of Socialist rioters, would disperse the riot in that fleeting period known as less than no time.

IT IS very amusing to watch a customer with a head as smooth as a door-knob, listening to the eulogy being pronounced by a bald-headed barber upon a hair-renewer of his own make, while trying to sell the shavee a bottle.

THE MEN who can afford to leave their business for months in the summer to go fishing, are the men who are usually considered "good catches" by match-making mammas.

THERE IS a New Jersey farmer so suspicious, that before buying a sheep he examines him closely to make sure that he has no cotton in him.

IN 1701, Yale had but a single student. He must have had a soft thing on the college base-ball and sparring-championship.

THE IRISH MOVEMENT—From the Shoulder.



"Take your old churn!"

## The Chronicle of Donkeys.



### I.—THE DONKEY IN GENERAL.

IN deference to the most gentle and patient of beasts—qualities that I admire and trust that I possess—let it be understood, to begin with, that it is of the biped and not of the quadruped that I propose to treat. There is something so tender and loveable about the brute donkey, that I should most sincerely dislike to do him an injustice. He is of so soft and trusting a disposition, his eyes are so mild and benevolent, his smile so sincere and genial, his appetite so hearty and unaffected, and his *tout ensemble* withal so pleasing and lovely, that I almost wish sometimes that I were myself a donkey—that is, a quadrupedal donkey.

I can imagine just what kind of a donkey I should be, a nice, smooth, brown donkey, like the one in that beautiful work of art we are all familiar with, entitled: "Everything Lovely." But I am not a donkey, and probably shall never be one, unless my soul transmigrates, and therefore repining is useless.

But to return to our muttons, as your French teacher used to say. This great earth is overrun with these donkeys of the human race, and no method has yet been discovered for the diminution of their asinity. A donkey is a donkey simply because he was born a donkey, just as a mascot is a mascot because it was born a mascot—as the *Prince* tells us in the charming little opera of that name.

If it were not for one peculiar feature of donkeyhood, I should not have the hardihood, perhaps—though I am rash and daring to an extraordinary degree—to put the species to the torture that I intend to inflict, lest they should turn and rend me. This peculiar feature arises from a psychological analysis of the human donkey. What is a donkey? A donkey is a fool of such utter stupidity, that he never discovers that he is a fool. Therefore, the donkeys whom I shall belabor will never know that my awful cudgel has fallen upon them, and I am thus enabled to make the most ferocious onslaughts with absolute fearlessness.

Thus I begin my labors for the restoration and elevation of society, under the most auspicious and felicitous circumstances, feeling that I am really doing a benevolent work in amusing myself—and instructing you, my reader—at the expense of a class that will never know that my caustic pen has scored them.

Perhaps you would like to know, gentle reader, before we go any further, whether you are a donkey or not. I will inform you how you shall decide that point beyond peradventure. Do you realize that you are a donkey? As you read my clever chapter upon the species, shall you be able to apply their fallacies to yourself? Then you are not a donkey. The fundamental principle of donkeyhood is a *total* lack of appreciation of your condition. If a donkey should discover that he were a donkey—which is impossible—he would at once cease to be a donkey.

Take, for instance, an hypothesis the farthest removed from possibility. Imagine that I were a donkey. I can see you smile at the absurdity of the idea—and suppose you were to reason with me, and show that I were a donkey by proving to my satisfaction the premises from which such a conclusion must be inevitably drawn. That would, paradoxical as it may seem, indicate just the reverse of what it would seem to, for the simple fact that I could appreciate my own asinity would prove conclusively that I did not possess asinine qualities.

Perhaps you may not believe it, but I feel somewhat diffident about my ability to do justice to the genus donkey, arising from the fact that the greatest of satirists scored a few in the Book of Snobs. But while a snob is necessarily a donkey, a donkey is not necessarily a snob. I reassure myself with the reflection that, if I had written the Book of Snobs, Mr. Thackeray would doubtless feel a trifle nervous about attempting a chronicle of donkeys. I am not alone in the matter of diffidence. All great men have moments of such weakness. Modesty is one of our attributes.

And now, donkeys, look out for me! I am abroad, like the roaring lion, seeking which of you I shall first devour. If any of you imagine you detect the voice of one of your own kind under the lion's skin, just make up your minds that you are mistaken, as wofully mistaken as you ever were in all the course of your unprofitable lives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRUGMEN'S EXHIBIT has just been ejected from the Grand Union Club-room, Saratoga, and it is summed up as "an act of proscription." What we want to remark is, that if the article which suggested this item had been read by a German proof-reader, it would have been changed so that Judge Hilton's act would be known as one of "prescription."

## RANDOM REMARKS.

THE BLUE-JAY is a pretty bird, but most people dislike him because he sucks the eggs of robins and other birds.

A boy recently robbed a blue-bird's nest, blew the insides out of the eggs, filled them with English mustard, covered the holes, and returned the eggs to the nest. A short time after, a large jay flew to the nest and commenced operations.

But the jay evidently didn't have as keen an appetite for eggs that day, as usual, for after he had finished one, he put on a long, wry face, which seemed to loosen his feathers at the roots.

And then he set up a wild impromptu song, that seemed a cross between a bag-pipe and the rasping ripples of an enraged cockatoo.

THE VETERANS of Gettysburg met on that memorable battle-field on the 30th ult., for the purpose of erecting monuments on spots where the Massachusetts and New Hampshire regiments distinguished themselves. The commanders were less slow in coming to the front and firing off their jaws, and the soldiers generally thought the volleys of iron hail of the battle less attractive than the volleys of beer and the phalanxes of sandwiches of the days of memorial.

A MAN RECENTLY cut his throat in Peck Slip while suffering from D. T. It may not be inconsistent with our dignity to remark that a man who is fond of drinking is very foolish to go and spoil his swallowing capacity so recklessly.

AN EFFORT is to be made to appropriate \$125,000 for the immediate repair of the naval dry-dock in Brooklyn. We presume the naval dry-dock is used to keep the U. S. Navy on to prevent it from getting wet.

WHEN YOU ask a railroad official at what time a train starts or arrives, and he happens to know, you may put it down as a genuine railroad accident.

PRETTY MUCH everything ought to be lovely when Driscoll, the Whyo chief, hangs high. If he should.

THE ONLY arm that is strong enough to knock out John L. Sullivan is the strong arm of the law.

## CHEEK IN A CYCLONE.



BOOK AGENT.—Ah, happy to meet you. Now is the time to subscribe to "Gibbons' Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." One dollar down, and twenty-five cents each week.



THE COUNTRY HOTEL  
REGISTER.

BUSINESS, pleasure, or symptoms of cholera in the city lead you to pack your grip-sack for a country spurt, and one day you find yourself alighting from an old red stage in front of the Snakeville tavern, full of thoughts of bosky dells, gurgling brooks, fresh June butter, and hopes that the sinking feeling in your stomach, and the dizziness in your head following the ten-mile stage-ride will wear away.

The "stoop" is occupied by the old list of villagers "waitin' ter see her onload," and with the exception of a slightly darker brown tinge to its planking—witness to a coat or two more of tobacco-juice—you can see no change in its accessories and occupants since you came here two years ago. Running the gauntlet of cheerful remarks regarding your personality, in which such terms as "biled-shirted dude," "wonder where he gut the tickin' for them britches," etc., etc., figure, you escape into the best room at the left of the hallway, unsling your satchel, and noting that the same old bunches of dried grass are inserted in the same old alabaster vases, and that the engraving of Washington crossing the Delaware, in which Washington is represented as about to take a header into the flood, is hung at the same old angle, you step across to the office to register, and see if you have any acquaintances among the recent guests. The desk is so high that you burst a suspender in an effort to get your eyes on the page before you, and an aria wasted in through an open window to the effect that:

"Too much style  
Killed old Sile,"

does not assist you in the least.

The landlord, seeing that you are having some trouble in getting at the secrets of the book, comes around the counter, and for fifteen minutes tells you what a fine man

was, and how

skipped without paying his bill; and of the long sickness, ending in happy death, of the senior member of the firm of

in the front parlor, a year ago come September.

One signature attracts your attention from its business-like, man-of-the-world appearance, and you inquire whose it is.

"Oh, that's Caleb Stiggins's idut does that. His payrnts wuz cousins, an' when young Caleb come along, what little brain he had took ter writin', and he comes in every day ter show off. I let him register, jest ter keep on the right side of his father, who drinks a pow'ful bill er licker every evenin'."

Then comes a name that you know could have been written by but one style of man—an ignorant, vicious, and unregenerate rascal.

Your conclusions are knocked endwise by the information that the writer is an assistant Bishop of the M. E. Church, who had been up to confirm a class the previous Sunday.

The last name on the page being entirely illegible, you call for pen and ink, and square away for putting in a signature that will paralyze them all and make an oasis of grace in a desert of ugliness.

Your ledger-headings have long been the pride of the office, and you get ready to do your level best. The substance, brought on in a broken-topped beer-bottle, was ink once. It is now a putty-like black mud, which does not flow like alcohol. The pen—save the mark!—looks like a miniature tuning-fork, and has evidently been used in prying out carpet-tacks. But you'll try to do your best, and setting your teeth together, glancing backwards to get a good swing to your elbow, and raising up on your toes as high as possible, you give that long sweeping line-of-beauty curve and start in. One nib catches in an air-hole in the paper, the other makes a deep scratch with no perceptible mark, and the globule of ink flies over and plunks the landlord in the eye.

This won't do, and after lending him your silk-handkerchief, which he immediately ruins and stuffs in his own pocket, you sail in again.

Lunges, contortions, a tongue-biting, crunching of the teeth, and a sound like a snow-plough striking cobble-stones, and the job is done. Here is that paralyzing signature!



You go sadly to your room prepared to hunt corn-cobs in the recesses of your mattress, while up the stairway after you comes the landlord's undertone: "If I couldn't write better 'n that, I'd go 'n soak my 'tarnel shoe-strings."

J. S. G.

AN ENGLISH champion pigeon-shot announces that he "will shoot any man in America for \$1,000." All right. Let him shoot John L. Sullivan, and the money will be forthcoming.

A DESPATCH FROM Tombstone says: "the Apaches are hard-pressed." That is all right. We want them hard-pressed until they are about a yard-and-a-half wide, and a thirty-second of an inch thick, so that they can be made up into a wall paper.

TALKING ABOUT your seventeen-year locusts suggests to us the happiness this world, or, at least, New Jersey, would know if we only had seventeen-year mosquitos.

WE SUGGEST to Mr. Dixey that he appear in his original character as the hind-legs of a heifer. Perhaps his English audiences would appreciate that.

A KANSAS CITY editor shot at a lawyer, but failed to kill him. The circulation of his paper is deservedly falling off in consequence of the failure.

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

HUMBOLDT VON SPIEGEBACH wants to know how Orion kept Taurus off. If Humboldt would read his classics, instead of airing his ignorance in questions, he would know that Orion used a barbed-wire fence.

'Tis now July,  
And the dragon-fly  
Goes fluttering over both rock and  
rye,  
And the katydid  
In the leaves is hid,  
And out of the cherry-tree the kid  
Comes a-tumbling down  
On his scraggy crown,  
And would a saw-mill's racket drown.

THE QUEEN'S recent visit to Liverpool cost \$60,000. It costs us a good deal to go away from home for two or three days, but even including the fine it never reached \$60,000. The Queen must have painted things a blood-red.

CLAM-JUICE is now bottled and sold by druggists as a cure for dyspepsia. We would respectfully suggest the faces of Henry Bergh and P. T. Barnum as suitable "before" and "after-using" pictures for the label.

IF YOU want to know precisely what a mosquito-canopy is, just go in the region of any swamp on Long Island, and look up in the air.

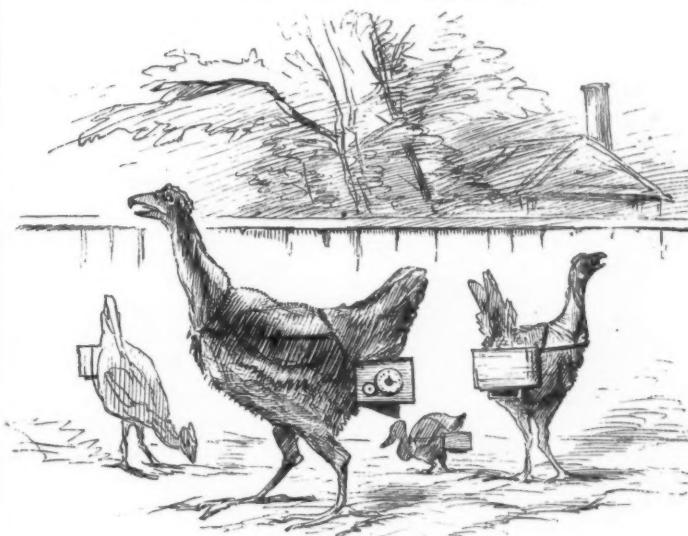
A TRAMP RECENTLY became so dry for want of water down on Long Island, that his stomach warped and choked him to death.

THE REAL eight-hour movement is in the Waterbury watch, which it takes about eight hours to wind up.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURER recently explained his staggering condition by saying he was water-tight.

A GREAT RURAL RETREAT—The City Beauty Flying From a Harmless, Good-Natured Cow.

SCIENCE IN THE HENNERY.



No, gentle reader, you are mistaken. This is simply a little stamping attachment invented by our old friend Rott, by which a person purchasing eggs can tell to the minute when they were laid.

The upper picture shows attachment, and the lower the result.



PUCK.

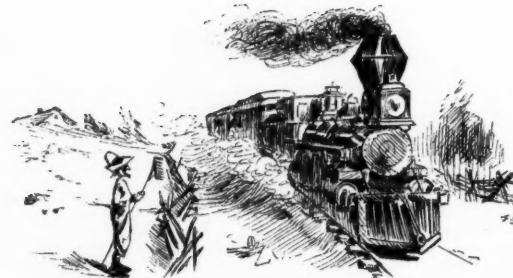




AN APPARITION OF TO-DAY.  
COLUMBIA (as Soothsayer, to Uncle Sam).—Behold! Two  
Enemies ali-<sup>vers</sup>—nd to each other.  
May they, as angry clouds that come together,  
Dissolve themselves and leave fair weather!

## RAILROAD VOICES.

SHOWING JUST HOW THE WHOLE TRAIN TALKS, AND WHAT IT SAYS.



[SCENE.—Any car of any train on any line. PASSENGERS of the usual variety. TRAIN HANDS ditto.]

CONDUCTOR.—Tick—ets!

FIDGETY FEMALE.—  
UNEASY PARTY.—  
TIRED TRAVELLER.—  
STUPID STRANGER.—

Pulling Conductor's { sleeve, coat-tails, arm, trousers, } What time do we get into Janesville? reach the junction? stop for lunch? change cars?

CONDUCTOR (extricating himself calmly but firmly).—3:45; 2:16; 1:30; not at all, sir.

PIOUS PILGRIM (with expired pass).—This—ah—document—

CONDUCTOR (gathering in same).—Is no good, sir! Fare, please! P. P.—I'm on my way, young man, to a religious—

CONDUCTOR (reaching for bell-rope).—

But you won't get there, unless—

[PILGRIM pays and subsides, after expressing hopes that CONDUCTOR may be saved, although he fears he won't be. WORLDLINGS laugh.]

BAKEMAN (from door).—Skwockomo-gomokwog!

VERDANT VOYAGERS.—I can't understand what he says. (As if he meant you should, poor innocents!)

[BAKEMAN exits, slamming door with great violence. TRAIN stops.]

VOICES (outside).—Well, good-bye, dear! Don't forget! If you see Sadie, tell her what I said about—Be sure and write! Good-bye! Well, good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-b—

CONDUCTOR.—All aboard! Hurry, please, miss!

[Enter BLUSHING BEAUTY, with an infinity of bags, bundles, shawl-straps, etc.]

CHORUS (outside).—Good-bye, dear! [TRAIN starts.]

CROSS CELIBATE.—Thank goodness, that's over!

VIRULENT VIRGIN.—I think these chits of girls ought to be—

MASHER (admiringly).—By Jove, is 'nt she a daisy? I'll change my seat, and see if—

[Re-enter BAKEMAN, slamming door, of course. Rattles stove, noisily pokes fire, shuts stove with tremendous crash.]

SEVERAL PASSENGERS.—I say, how long before we—

BAKEMAN.—Dunno noth'n 'bout it.



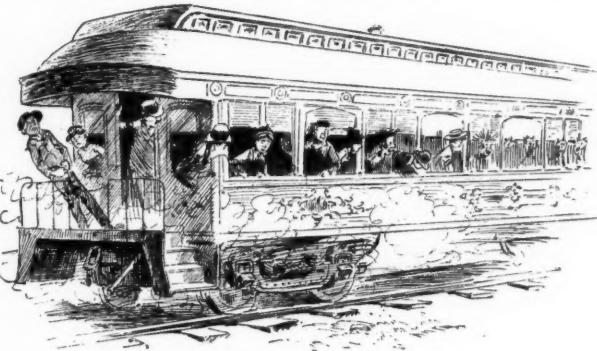
The Brakeman.

## RAILROAD VOICES.

GLOOMY GENTLEMAN.—They say more people are killed on this road—

APPREHENSIVE PERSON.—It was right here, you know, that that dreadful accident—

POSTED PARTY.—It's only a crossing. [Universal relief.]



"What's that!"

FOOLISH TRAVELLER.—Look here, conductor, how many miles to Nineveh Centre?

CONDUCTOR.—If you keep on as you're going, about eight thousand—all round the world. You're travelling right away from it!

FOOLISH TRAVELLER.—Why didn't you tell me?

CONDUCTOR.—I'm doing it now.

BAKEMAN (howling).—Bobawogasofmxtr!

[TRAIN stops. Enter BRIDAL COUPLE, who are at once recognized as such by every woman in car.]

FEMININE SEMI-CHORUS.—My stars! Well, I'd have thought twice before marrying that man! She's older than he, I know! Is that a tailor-made dress? Anyhow, the collar must be interlined with canvas—or may be it's wiggling. She wears fives, I'm positive! Oh, Kitty, did you ever see a skirt draped that way before? She isn't a bit pretty, I think!

FULL FEMININE CHORUS.—Wonder who they are!

[COUPLE, laboriously unconscious of observation, secure seats.]

BRIDE (tenderly).—George, are you very, very sure you aren't sorry that you—

GROOM (more so).—Sorry, you angelic, blessed little—

BRIDE (suffering relapse).—But to think of leaving dear papa and mamma, and—

GROOM (applying customary remedy).—Haven't you me?

BRIDE (cheering up).—Yes, darling—and then, after all, mamma says she'll come next fall and spend the whole winter with us—

GROOM.—The dickens she does! [Partial eclipse of honeymoon.]

[Hereafter enter ASSORTED HUMANITY.]

A. H. (all and singular).—So I stepped to the footlights and said—thash it, ol' fel, I'm a pershon of trush 'n v'rash'ty—and I struck the house for ten dollars a day expenses—put my money in the Thirteenth and got a majority—all wool and a yard wide—Jule told Harry that if she ever caught him walking with Belle, she'd—give him ten yards start and beat him—but he said before he'd settle on those terms—he'd take a consulship anywhere except in—the out-field to cover second—until Mickey fought him down—and we find both of them in—oil at 68 $\frac{1}{4}$ —for I'll preach next Sunday—seventeen feet under water—right in, among the Erie crowd—beat up under close-reefed canvas—to Ludlow Street Jail—and perhaps hire a room there for the season—etc., etc., etc. MANLEY H. PIKE.



The Bridal Couple.

## A FORCED CALMNESS.



"You say he called you a liar?"  
 "Yes, an unmitigated liar."  
 "And you didn't resent it?"  
 "No; how could I? My grandfather died of heart disease, and it won't do for me to get excited."

## A LESSON FROM AN ASH-BARREL.

A DISCARDED umbrella and a rather sour-looking tomato-can being neighbors in an ash-barrel, and both being idle, began to quarrel as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the umbrella: "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a rib in your side?"

"What is the use of ribs," said the can: "if we cannot keep them well covered? My roundness of form is enveloped in that which stamps me as the very best in my set, consequently, I have entrance into the best society, while you, ever ready to keep the company of the light-fingered gentry, are now an outcast."

"You are a brazen, red-faced thing, a very dangerous character," said the umbrella: "with your head cut open and your neck almost severed from ear to ear, and all the good that was in you gone to the pots long ago; your ambition can never rise any higher than a dog's tail."

"H'm" replied the can: "you never spread yourself on anything but you were ignominiously shut up and set aside; you are the evil genius of men, an instigator of crime; now, in your faded silk gown, buried in ashes up to your eyes, you are indeed a sorry sight; however, 'tis consoling to know that such an evil one cannot live much longer."

"Why not?"

"Because you have always a stitch in your side."

"You are a poor crooked creature, you cannot bend without breaking your back."

"I will tear you in shreds if you insult me again."

"I will poke your eye out if you touch me."

While they thus conversed, a huge poker came into the barrel, caught the tomato-can in the eye, and threw it in the gutter, where a William-goat soon made short work of its tin head and brilliant labels. The umbrella, after being stripped of all its worldly possessions, was soon cast by its side.

"Well, here we are," said the tomato-can: "whenever I lose my head I always get into a terrible stew."

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the umbrella: "misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the can: "for how much we resemble human beings, who never find out what they are to others till they lie down in the dust together, as we do." That evening, after being whisked away, a la cart, they were both in the dumps.

HAN LEE.

AN official of the St. Louis gas company was recently on the witness-stand in court in a case of slander. The slander consisted in calling a man an idiot for selling all his gas-stock for fear that electricity would break up all the gas companies.

"Has electricity interfered with the value of your gas-stock?" was asked.

"To a slight extent."

"If you were to lose half your patrons, would your stock still pay a dividend?"

"Certainly, sir. We should simply increase the bills of the other half to make up the deficit.—*Wall St. News*.

A PHENOMENAL base-ball pitcher, who recently struck out twenty-seven men in a game, says the secret of curve-pitching can be learned by watching a woman trying to hit a hen with a stone.—*Wilmington Star*.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON has jgorn bjack tjowards Njorway, where he expects to spjend the sjummer. Don't sjtop hjm.—*Hartford Times*. The jay laughs at this sort of humor.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"RED CLOUD," the Indian warrior, contemplates visiting Washington. He wants a silver lining, possibly.—*Pretzel's National Weekly*.

AN Old-Fashion Board of Investigation—  
The Shingle.—*Wilmington Star*.

## TO THE MAN WHO ASKED: "IS IT WARM?"

Sing hey! for a cauldron of boiling oil,  
 And a basin of molten lead,  
 Where this obdurate sinner may sizzle and boil  
 And tropically soak his head.

Who says to his brother in sweltering stew,  
 With a gurgle of fervid glee,  
 "Is it torrid enough to-day for you?  
 It's not warm enough for me."

May he singe and toast, and simmer and roast,  
 And char, and kindle, and burn,  
 And scorch and singe till his soul will cringe,  
 And his body to cinders turn.

Then the blistering heat of a furnace-fire,  
 Shall accomplish his just cremation,  
 And fagots and peat be his funeral-pyre  
 To finish his incineration.

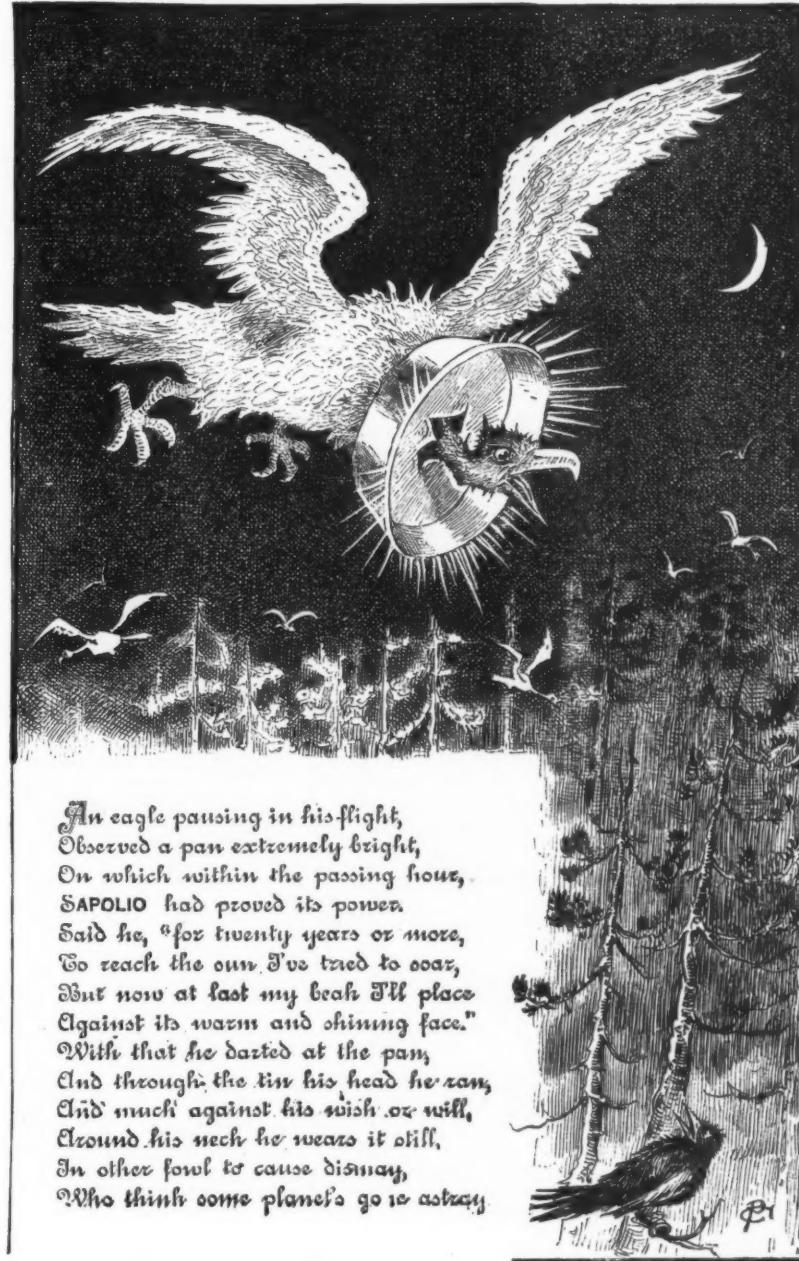
And thus this fellow we'll ardently kiln,  
 And listen with joy to his moans;  
 And when he has carbonized all that he will  
 We'll each take one of his bones.

And waving the calcined remains of him,  
 A Parseean dance will do;  
 And shout this jocular requiem:  
 "Is it hot enough now for you?"

—*Buffalo Express*.

## PUCK'S "CLEVELAND WEDDING" NUMBER.

A new Edition of PUCK, of June 9th, containing the double-page Cartoon "PUCK'S CONGRATULATIONS," has just been completed, and can now be had of all booksellers and newsdealers, or will be mailed from the publication-office on receipt of price—10 cents.



SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

"Lamble dear." "Yes, dovey darling." "Is he going down to the horrid club to-night, duckie?" "Yes, ownest ownie." "No, to-nightie." "Yessie." "No, sweetie." "Yes, dearie." "Bet him a dollar, lovey." "Why ain't I, birdie?" "Because, sugar-plum, as you go out into the front-hall you'll see mamma, my own dear mamma, who dotes on you, sitting on a trunk; she's just arrived. Won't you please stay home, sweetie?" He stayed.

"Mary Ann! Phwat's that trill-le-la-loo nonsense yer jiggin' away at in thayre I want to know? Put down that fut!" "Don't bother me now; it's practicing me calisthenics I am." "Calisthenics, is it? Is that what ye learn at the seminaries? Calisthenics, ah ha! Lapin' around on the wan fut wid yer toes toorned in? Well, do yez calisthenic around here to the toob and warm the j'nts av yez elbows be roobin'

the durt out ov these hickory shirts an' overalls or I'll tache yez a fancy step wid de broom that'll make ye raise the two feet av yez higher than the spine o' yer back wid no more effort than the howl ye'll set up for 'em to catch on. Calisthenics, ha! I'll have no more of this jig jaggin' around like a hin an a stove-lid. The foorst thing ye know it's joinin' the bally ye'll be, an' be spendin' all yer money for clothes an' wearin' none of 'em. Calisthenics, oh ho!"

A FRENCH lady who was unfortunately a little deaf, but a good hand at a bargain, enters a shop.

"How much is that?"

"Seven francs."

"Sixteen francs? I'll give you fifteen."

"Seven francs, Madame," insisted the honest clerk.

"Oh, seven! Then I'll give you five!"—*Tid-Bits.*

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR  
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

## WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.  
**SOHMER & CO.**  
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.



## DO YOU SHAVE YOURSELF?

Travelers, or those who shave at home are invited to try Williams' Shaving Stick. An exquisite soap producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case covered with leatherette. OBTAIN IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST, OR SEND 25 CENTS IN STAMPS TO  
The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,  
529 Glastonbury, Ct.,  
MFR'S FOR 50 YEARS OF "GENUINE YANKEE" SOAP.

## GRAND DISPLAY OF SUMMER SUITINGS.

CASSIMERES, WORSTEDS, SERGES,  
Domestic and Imported.

SUITS to measure from ..... \$20.00  
TROUSERS " " ..... 5.00  
Samples and Self Measurement Rules sent on request.

*Nicoll*  
the Tailor.

Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery,  
and

771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth Street.

Estimates for Liveries and Uniforms cheerfully furnished.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES  
AND TRICYCLES.

Many Improvements.  
Spring Catalogue Sent Free.

THE POPE MFG. CO.,  
597 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.  
BRANCH HOUSES: } 12 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.  
115 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

AMERICAN CYCLES  
MANUFACTURED  
ALL  
SIZES & PRICES  
SEND STAMP FOR 48 PAGE CATALOGUE  
to the largest Manufacturers in the United States  
GORMULLY & JEFFERY,  
CHICAGO, ILLS.

575

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE  
Of any kind, send stamp to A. W. CUMP,  
Dayton, Ohio, for large Illustrated Price  
List of NEW and SECOND-HAND MACHINES. 534  
Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange.  
BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

## BALLAD OF LIFE ON A FARM.

He laid down his ev'ning paper  
And sought the cellar damp,  
On his right he bore the coal-hod,  
And on his left a lamp.  
  
And his head smote 'gainst the glue-pot  
Hung from the chamber stair;  
And a bunch of dusty catmint  
Fell down upon his hair.  
  
And his arm dislodged a stew-pan  
That hung upon the wall,  
And its handle bruised his eye-brow,  
And broke the lamp in its fall.  
  
When he could not find the shovel,  
Methought I heard him sing,  
As he scooped with his hands the coal up,  
"Oh, death, where is thy sting?"  
—Isabel Ferena.

A BIG blot on a love-letter looks bad, of course, but there are certain compensations after all. You can dip your pen in it easier than in the ink-stand until it is all used up, and then you can persuade your best girl that you put it there to indicate a kiss.—*Somerville Journal*.

BOWERY BAY BEACH,  
ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, OPPOSITE RIKER'S  
ISLAND.

A new summer family resort; finest beach for bathing, swimming, boating, and fishing; safest place, with ample police protection.  
Bathing pavilion, restaurant, and beautiful shady grounds, NOW OPEN.  
Reached by summer cars of Steinway and Hunter's Point Horse Rail-road, in 20 minutes from Astoria (92d St.) Ferry, and 40 minutes from Hunter's Point ferries, connecting with every boat from 5 A. M. till midnight. Fare from New York, via 92d St. Ferry, 10 cents.  
Elegant drive from 92d St. Ferry, Astoria, along river-front, opposite Hell Gate, Ward's Island, etc., to Bowery Bay Beach. 653

## ANGOSTURA



## BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Diaphteria, Diphtheria, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeit. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street.  
Open from 11 to 11. Admission, 50 cents. Sunday, admission, 25 cents. Latest Additions: MR. JAY GOULD and T. V. POWDERLY.

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AND  
PIPER-SEC  
CHAMPAGNES.

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Osborn & Co. .... Oporto. .... Ports  
Guille, Cassanes & Co. .... Tarragona. .... Ports  
Forrester & Co. .... Xeres. .... Sherries  
Manuel Gatzel & Yriarte. .... Port St. Marys. .... Sherries  
Jose E. Gomez. .... Cadiz. .... Sherries  
Hy. Dru Drury. .... Madeira. .... Madeiras  
Geissweiler & Fils. .... Nuits. .... Burgundies  
Girolama Luxardo. .... Zara. .... Maraschino  
Rip Van Winkle. .... Schiedam. .... Gin  
White Elk Gin. .... English G n  
Glen Rosa. .... Scotch Whisky  
Olive Oil and Irish and Scotch Whiskies.

I. O. Jamaica and St. Croix Rums.  
SOLE PROPRIETORS "OMNIBUS" RYE,  
Pure Old Pennsylvania Whiskies.  
NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. MONTREAL.



"Mama! Don't forget to put in the Edenia and Rhenish Cologne. You know we can't get along without them."

"Well, give me the Edenia; I want the Rhenish Cologne in the hand-bag to use on the way."

## LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, EDENIA.

## LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

If you cannot obtain above in your vicinity send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers,

YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

664

A MAN who has invented a coffee-mill cannon which will kill eight hundred men a minute, was trying to form a stock company in a Michigan town the other day. An old citizen who had money to invest was brought up and introduced, and after having the workings of the gun explained to him, he inquired:

"Is she sure fire, and kill eight hundred men every minnit, eh?"

"It will."

"Well, that's satisfactory—perfectly satisfactory; but I guess I won't invest. I'd druther wait and git a contract for furnishing the grave-stones for your victims."—*Wall Street News*.

A CONGRESSIONAL committee has discovered that we have in the navy enough pea-jackets to last fifty-eight years. This important discovery ought to dissipate all fears of a war with a foreign power. No foe will dare attack a country that is protected by a navy provided with enough pea-jackets to last fifty-eight years. It would be suicidal. Nevertheless, it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a couple of war vessels in the navy to reinforce the pea-jackets in case the latter showed signs of weakening in the face of the enemy.—*Norristown Herald*.

A READING genius has invented what he calls the "Boss Fruit Picker." He may think it is the boss fruit-picker; but he has never seen a bare-footed, fourteen-year-old boy go up an old farmer's apple-tree, during the absence of the owner and his dog, and gather in the fruit with lightning-like speed. A "Boss Fruit Picker" pitted against the boy would get knocked out in the first round.—*Norristown Herald*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
Assists Mental Labor.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening, without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

## Fast Time to Cleveland.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is now running a fast through car line to Cleveland. The Chicago Express, with through buffet sleeping car to Cleveland, leaves stations foot of Desbrosses and Courtland Streets at 6 P. M., and running via Pittsburgh and Alliance, arrives in Cleveland 11.30 A. M. next morning. This arrangement affords a very comfortable and satisfactory means of reaching Cleveland. Leaving New York after the business of the day is finished, one enjoys a delightful ride over the famous roadway of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arrives in Cleveland in time for business the next morning. 646

## PEARLS IN THE MOUTH.



## BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

Are Communicated to the Mouth by

## SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

## BOKER'S BITTER

The Oldest and Best of all

## STOMACH BITTER.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 John Street, New York.

## HIRES IMPROVED ROOT BEER.

Packages 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

646 C. E. Hires, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

PERLE D'OR  
CHAMPAGNE.

## DRY AND EXTRA DRY.

178 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

## CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 76, 140, 154, 163 and 428 of the English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy. In mailing place roll lengthwise.

646



# Lactated Food

## THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

### A Sure Preventive of CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25c., soc., \$1.00.

An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. 616

A YALE professor, who has studied the evolution of the trotting horse from the time the first horse trotted in three minutes to date, says that in another generation a horse will trot a mile in two minutes. That will be all right; but what is a Yale professor studying the trotting horse for? Wouldn't base-ball and rowing be enough for Yale?—*Puck's Sun*.

ONE of the Hon. Bison William's Indians is known simply as Flies-on-the-Ceiling. The other half of his name is supposed to be Butnone-on-Me. Several of his family are having fun with the United States troops in Arizona at present.—*Buffalo Express*.

## DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS

Sent Post-Paid on Trial.



Probably never since the invention of Belts and Supporters, has so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Belt. Over seventeen thousand people in the city of New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Pains in the Head, Hips, Back or Limbs, Diseases of Spine, Kidneys, Liver and Heart, Falling, Inflammation, or Ulceration.

There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles,

The following are representative Testimonials of the thousands we are receiving:

2121 Henrietta St., Phila.

Dr. Scott: Your belt has cured me of rheumatism of and around the kidneys, which medicine had failed to help.

W. H. UPJOHN.

Cedar Falls, Ia. This belt has done me more good in a short time than all the medicine I ever took.

E. W. MEADE.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet of All Our Other Appliances.

Peoria, Ill. I suffered from kidney, liver and nervous troubles for twelve years. Dr. Scott's Electric Belt entirely cured me after all other remedies had failed. His Electric Hair Brush has cured my Neuralgia.

C. W. HORNISH.

Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets cure and prevent sickness, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC CHEST PROTECTOR, \$3. Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSHES, \$3. Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC INSOLES, 50 cents.

Houston, Mich. Dr. Scott's Electric Belt has cured my brother of severe backache, from which he has suffered eight years. My father, 70 years old, could not walk 100 yards; after wearing the Belt one month he walked nine miles without resting. Your goods are thoroughly reliable.

ALBERT KRUG.

Robinson Bank, Robinson, Ill. The sixth Belt received is satisfactory. Their quick cures of rheumatism, liver and kidney trouble and debility are wonderful. It gives me pleasure to recommend them to suffering friends.

A. P. WOODWORTH, Cash.

Intense nervous debility has been my trouble for years. Physicians and their medicines did not help me. I finally derived great relief from Dr. Scott's Electric Belt.

L. H. MILLER.

East Berlin, Pa.

Your Belt has cured me of Insomnia and Nervousness, and has also had wonderful effect on Neuralgic affection of the chest.

B. SELL.

Baltimore, Md.

Intense nervous debility has been my trouble for years. Physicians and their medicines did not help me. I finally derived great relief from Dr. Scott's Electric Belt.

L. H. MILLER.

East Berlin, Pa.

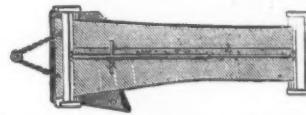
Your Belt has cured me of Insomnia and Nervousness, and has also had wonderful effect on Neuralgic affection of the chest.

B. SELL.

## SALES OF THE TWELVE LARGEST BREWERIES IN THE UNITED STATES DURING THE LAST FISCAL YEAR.

	Sold from May 1st, '85 to May 1st, '86.	On Hand May 1st, '86
1. Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis...	331,609 bbls.	125,290 bbls.
2. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee.....	317,751 "	107,256 "
3. George Ehret, New York.....	306,630 "	86,035 "
4. Empire Brewing Co., Phil. Best, Proprietor, Milwaukee.....	304,953 "	104,367 "
5. Berger & Engel Brewing Co., Philadelphia.....	231,794 "	83,522 "
6. Beadleston & Worz, Ale and Porter, New York.....	229,974 "	34,080 "
7. Jac. Ruppert, New York.....	215,490 "	72,553 "
8. Frank Jones, Ale and Porter, New York.....	209,405 "	4,127 "
9. C. Seipp Brewing Co., Chicago.....	164,299 "	59,680 "
10. C. Moerlein Brewing Co., Cincinnati.....	162,715 "	68,874 "
11. Wm. J. Lemp, St. Louis.....	155,271 "	54,293 "
12. V. Blatz, Milwaukee.....	151,660 "	46,604 "

This statement shows that the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, of St. Louis, by its untiring energy, uncommon even in this country of restless commercial activity, and by the undoubted purity and excellence of its product, has succeeded in placing itself at the head of this, one of the most important industries in the whole country.



### "ENGLISH TROUSERS' STRETCHER."

Restores shape, saves trouble and expense of pressing. Price \$1.75. (Mailing 30 cents extra.) Forwarded on receipt of amount per mail or express.

E. O. THOMPSON,  
245 Broadway, New York. 908 Walnut St., Philadelphia.  
Wholesale Depot: 97 Chambers St., New York.



THE ONLY perfect substitute for MOTHER'S milk. Invaluable in CHOLERA INFANTUM, Teething, DIARRHEA and all diseases of children. A pre-cooked food. Digestive, Consumptive, Convalescent, &c. Perfectly nutritious in all wasting diseases. Requires no cooking. Keeps in all climates. Sold everywhere. Our book "The Care and Feeding of Infants" MAILED FREE.

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INDIAN TAN BUCK MOCCASINS. Heavy, made like cut. Just the thing for Base-Ball Games, Hunting, Fishing, or any use where stillness is required. Sent, post paid, on receipt of the following p'sces: Sizes, No. 7 and upwards, \$2; No. 4 to 6 inclusive, \$1.50; No. 3 and under, \$1. Beaded and Braided Moccasins made from lighter Buckskin, 50c. extra. Reference, Union Bank, Denver.

667 A. AVERY, Denver, Col.

### BALLADE OF EMILIE'S EYES.

There be babies fat and babies thin,  
And babies rosy and babies pale;  
And babies that delight in merry din,  
And babies that cry till their voices fail;  
And puling babies, that softly wail,  
And babies that sit up, demure and wise,  
Best and brightest of babies, hail,  
Emilie of the laughing eyes!

There are babes that work their father's bale,  
That cry when crying 's almost a sin;  
When the gory carpet tells the tale  
Of a heedless step on a lurking pin,  
As the martyr toils some sleep to win.  
But there's one in slumber the whole night lies,  
Who may with her to compare begin,  
Emilie of the laughing eyes!

There's the jolly babe with the dimpled chin,  
And the sorrowful baby, solemn and frail;  
And the baby noted for being a twin,  
And the poor little babe that does nothing but aill.  
To number them over would not avail,  
When did babyhood e'er comprise  
Her like, from tresses to pink toe-nail—  
Emilie of the laughing eyes!

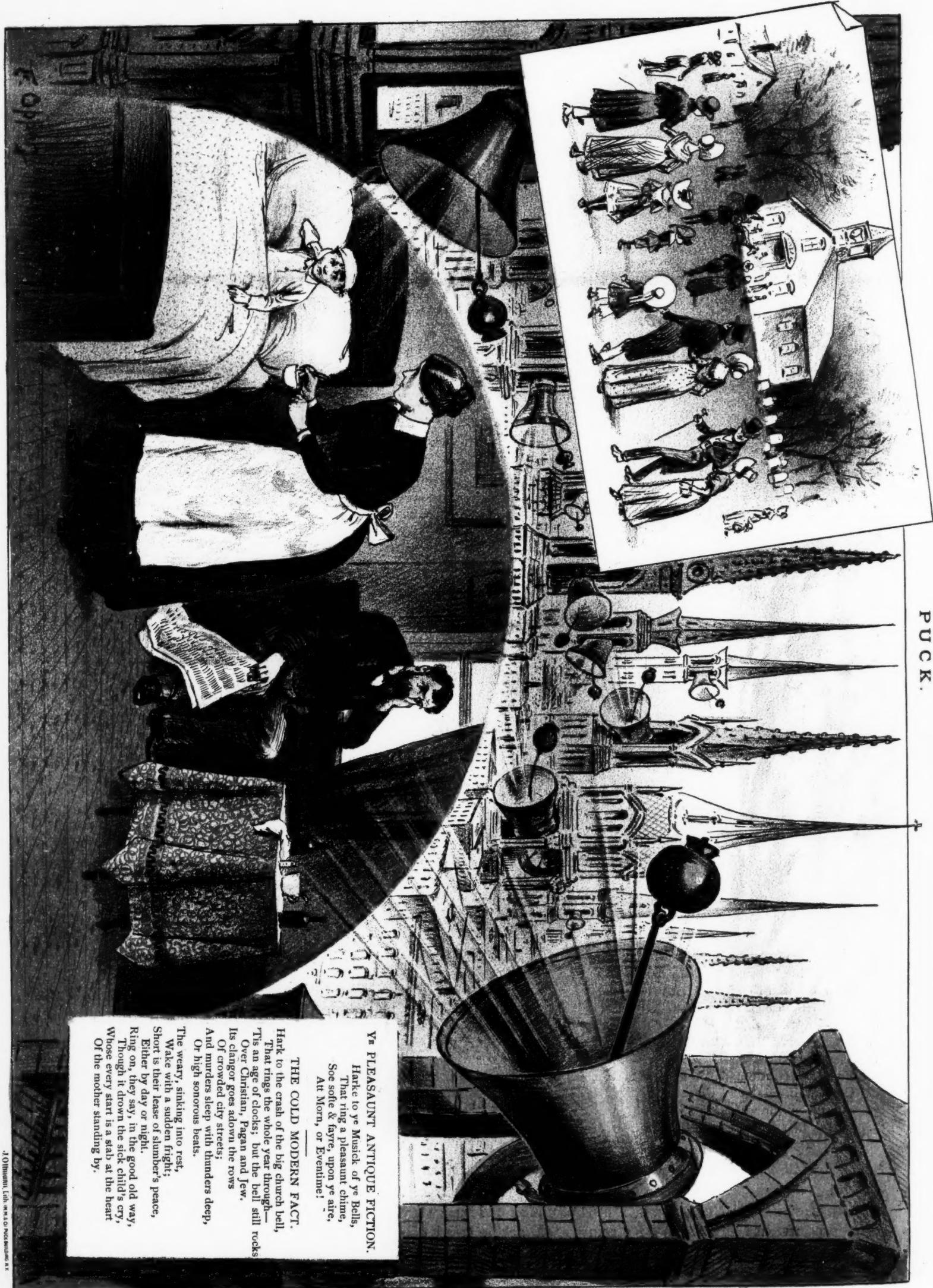
### ENVOI.

Jealous fathers may jibe and grin,  
They'll own up, when at four they rise,  
You've no peer in their kith or kin,  
Emilie of the laughing eyes!

—JOHN PAUL BOOCOCK, in *Philadelphia News*.

"MA," he said, as he suddenly looked up from his book: "how much do you owe the cook?" "What a question! I believe there are three months' wages due her." "Say, why don't you reorganize the kitchen?" "What do you mean, Robert?" "Why, when pa and the other fellows get hold of a railroad, they reorganize, and everybody gets left." "Let's reorganize on Hannah, beat her out of thirty-six dollars, and whack on the boddle." —*Wall St. News*.

THERE is much discussion as to the propriety of putting "boddle" into the dictionary. As it would have to come under the head of B's, and consequently after Alderman, and as it is well known that Alderman is always after "boddle," it would, we think, look very much out of place.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



THE PLEASAUNT ANTIQUE FICTION.

Hark to ye Musick of ye Bells,  
That ring a pleasaunt chime,  
Soofe & fayre, upon ye aife,  
At Morn, or Eventine!

THE COLD MODERN FACT.

Hark to the crash of the big church bell,  
That rings the whole year through—  
'Tis an age of clocks; but the bell still rocks  
Its clangor goes adown the rows  
Of crowded city streets;  
And murders sleep with thunders deep,  
Or high sonorous beats.  
The weary, sinking into rest,  
Wake with a sudden fright;  
Short is their lease of slumber's peace,  
Either by day or night.  
Ring on, they say, in the good old way,  
Though it drown the sick child's cry,  
Whose every start is a stab at the heart,  
Or the mother standing by.